

Jacob, short an' stern, 'Mr. Boguslawski, sir, I loff your daughter. It iss true I am poor. But I have prospects. Miss Goldie is not—as yonge—as some. What would you say if I was pardner to my grocery business?"

"We three in the back room could hear Boguslawski hem an' haw.

"'Jacob,' he says, 'you are a fine yonge man, a smart feller. When you are pardner to your business I say you yes.'

"Well, my dear, need I say more? A child could tell you the rest. My boy Jacob went back to the store.

"'Mr. Leben,' he asks his boss, 'will you take me in pardner here? Next week I marry Miss Goldie Boguslawski. Some day she will be havin' dirty dousand dollars.'"

The joy of the joke tickled Mrs. Delehanty into ripples of laughter.

"Wait," she gasped, "wait, there's more to come. We women are all alike, only the best of us is the worst.

"Night before last Goldie Boguslawski—that was says to me, 'Mrs. Delehanty, some women is to be pitied. I am wan of the lucky wans. At least I know my Jacob married me for myself. When I told him what father would leave me some day he was so surprised!'"

"Yes," proudly observed a complacent and somewhat boastful business man to his actor friend, "your profession may be a very lofty one in an artistic sense, but that of a successful merchant is much better. Look at me! At the early age of forty-five retired on my fortune, and presented by my fellow-merchants with an illuminated address! Can you boast of anything like this? Have you ever had an illuminated address?" "I have," replied the actor—"once." "When?" asked the merchant. "Why," replied the actor, "when my lodgings caught fire!"

Chinese scholars claim that iron swords were in use in their country four thousand years ago.

## MY DOG'S GONE

"What d'ye mean you lost your dog?" That's what they ask in a flippant way—but it means that my heart is like a log and I mope and worry the whole long day; it means that my eyes are sort of dim and my life, somehow, has jumped a cog. He was only a mutt—but I'm fond of him, THAT'S "what I mean I lost my dog."

He was always hanging about the place, ready to follow me where I went, with a look of love in his funny face, and his brown ears cocked in a way intent, it was second nature to have him near, to have him close at my heels to jog, and without him the world seems lone—and queer. THAT'S what I mean I lost my dog.

So if you have seen my homely pet I wish you would tell me where he may be, for I pine and murmur and chafe and fret for my silent comrade to come to me; a dog just cuddles down in your heart, and you wander about in a dreary fog when he's lost or gone—and the tear drops start. THAT'S what I mean I lost my dog!

## SUIT BEGUN FOR BASEBALL PLAYER'S BACK SALARY.

New York, May 31.—The first step of the Professional Baseball Players' Association, Inc., to fight the contract and release methods of organized baseball was taken today when the association filed suit in the supreme court here to recover \$1,480 back salary said to be due Kurt M. Hageman, formerly of the Boston Americans.

The petition declares Hageman, known as "Casey" Hageman, was signed by the Boston Americans on September 18, 1911, and that he played with that club until June 23, 1912, when, after a misunderstanding, his salary was stopped. Hageman, in the suit, declares that besides stopping his salary, the Boston club has refused to give him an out and out release.